

## **Salt N Pepa**

### **"Hyped On The Mic"**

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I'd like you to meet my mic, last name is Phone  
This is my house make yourself at home, now  
See those chairs? Please just ignore them  
Believe me, they'll be no need for them

I got a rhyme, and I'd like to exploit it  
You came in here so you cannot avoid it  
This beat is hard, it's as hard as a diamond  
And it keeps kickin' as long as we're rhymin' to it

And it's addictive like smoking  
Word to the parents, see, I'm not jokin'  
You'll be a fiend only this type is harmless  
Couldn't kick the habit if you tried your darnedest

So don't fight it, don't fear it  
Just take your hands off yours and cheer it  
I gave you more than you ever expected  
And when I did that you gave me respect  
With your support we're reachin' new heights  
Salt-N-Pepa's insanely hyped on the mic

My supporters are massive, my sound is passive  
If I was you, I'd take time to ask if  
Others you've heard really deserve to be ranked as the  
best  
Great or suburb, to be or not to be, that's a good  
question

How good they used to be, well, I give less than a  
damn  
'Cuz the present that counts if you can't rock the mic  
I suggest you dis-mount  
I said please, but it's not like I'm pleadin'

So don't get supe, peasant, stop speedin'  
'Cuz I'm about to rain, and when I rain I don't drizzle  
It's gettin' hot in here, we're gonna sizzle  
See, I understand that you have been itchin'

But if it's too hot, get out of the kitchen  
'Cuz frauds and fakes are the ones I don't like

And they are the ones that get me hyped on the mic

I'm gonna play you for keeps, got a system in my teeth  
Outside on the street people heard all of the beats  
That I rapped or maxed on so throw the wax on  
Pepa is that strong, make a hit rap song

First class status, I'm a blessed event  
God rocked the full-size for my silhouette  
Yes, solo this woman, rise all before me  
Would only be inevitable until morning

Don't try to leave 'cuz I will protest  
Oh yes, I have an Uzi I've been dyin' to test  
Livin' larger than life but to be precise  
I'm Pepa, much deffer when I'm crazy hyped on the mic

We're gonna break it down to you how it should be  
broke  
Rhymes written not bitten how it should be wrote  
People jammin' not standin', so what you hope  
A show funky not junky, you say rhymes are dope

[Incomprehensible] he'd be madly hyped  
Spinderella had to tell him, "Boy, you ain't my type"  
Get away from her, I tell you before she gets pissed  
She's got a cut, for your butt and it goes like this

Started wheelin' doin' wheelies, thoughts you were a  
big wheel  
Started dealin' like a dealer, but you just couldn't deal  
As you flip like a freak the whole world just flopped  
Couldn't rock like a rocker so you just got rocked

I'm the deafest gettin' deafer and ought to be kept  
Take a breath between rhymes we're best, tell 'em Pep  
Or let's kick it like a kicker, the rhymes I kick  
Like a sticker gets stuck to your butt I'll stick  
When the hype is gettin' hyper, when the hip-hop's  
hype  
Salt-N-Pepa, that's right, you know we're hyped on the  
mic

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